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- Dec. 2 Quail Gardens Foundation, Inc. presents “Christmas in Flowerland” with bazaar and plant sale. 10 A. M.—4 P. M. at the botanic gardens.
- Dec. 8 & 9 Arranger’s Guild Show at the Casa del Prado. Admission: \$1; 11 A. M.—5 P. M.

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James L. LaMaster



CALIFORNIA GARDEN

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THE COVER

Marilyn Hoff Stewart, the artist who has done several covers for CALIFORNIA GARDEN, has created this Christmas cover for us.

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HOLIDAY MEMORIES

JOSEPHINE GRAY

HOW TO MAKE HERB WREATHS. How to make herb jellies. How to make herb vinegars. All across the country in the early fall people are scratching their heads trying to boil up new ways to tell 'How to' for Thanksgiving and Christmas. While I was scratching my head, I loosened old memories that came filtering through like little ghosts wreathed in the fragrance of holiday kitchens. Who has not known them!

A big kitchen table cluttered with the paraphernalia of preparation, the rich warm brown smell of roasting turkey, augmented when the oven door is opened to baste it with its own amber juices. Potatoes mashed with great dollops of butter, onions like unstrung pearls in a gentle cream sauce; peas and sweet potatoes—always both kinds of potatoes at these feasts. Then the trimmings of the dinner, some touch which makes it personal forever and distinguishes it from that of any other. One may have figs pickled in honey and spices, another, cranberry-almond relish, but with us it was Mama's currant jelly. There is a 'how to' I could never describe; how to make currant jelly that, when turned out on the cut-glass jelly dish, shines like pale rubies and shivers in its own delight. No pectin was used here—this was born of experience and skill and magic and was carried by small hands with wavering care to the Thanksgiving table.

The magic began in a prosaic fashion when Mark Bailey, the vegetable man, drove his covered cart down the lane and stopped the brown horse at our back door. A screen door slammed and out burst a clutch of little girls followed by Mama smoothing down her apron. The fragrance, the unforgettable fragrance of that dim interior! Sun ripened peaches, raspberries and black berries sat on the floor of the cart and on shelves built up the sides, near the opening a great bunch of bananas swung on a hook.

"Step down girls, so I can see what Mr. Bailey has today." We jumped off the low step reluctantly so that Mama could decide what to buy. Currants for jelly. "And Mark, I'll take a couple of baskets of raspberries for supper, and will you save me a crate next week for jam?" Greengage plums and cherries would come later—tart red cherries for pies and fat black ones to bottle in rich syrup to eat with cookies for 'afters'. Right now we sat on the porch steps and picked over the plump little berries to get rid of all the bits of stem and leaf. They were washed and then the sorcery in the black iron kettle began. Soon from the old coal stove a tantalizing pink steam rose and enveloped us; Mama stirred and dipped and tested in a cold saucer. We scurried around scalding jelly glasses and setting them in pans of hot water, scraped bars of wax and set it melting in an old cast-aluminum tea pot to pour gently over the tops of the

filled glasses. When they were cool and labelled in Mama's fine neat hand, they were taken to the dim cellar to wait their destiny.

The polished damask cloth was spread, crisp salads laid at each place, hot biscuits were done up in a napkin, jelly and olives and celery filled the interstices, and the pies were set in the warming oven. Father, standing at the head of the table was sharpening the bone-handled knife. When Mother came in with the turkey, he laid down the steel and took it from her hands. "A noble bird, Mother." We all laughed—it was the perennial joke. Then suddenly we hushed; the laughing and the shuffling stopped—we bowed our heads and began the old 'grace': "For these and all Thy gifts of love, we give Thee thanks and praise. . ."

At Christmas time, the house was full of the scent of pine and Paper White Narcissi. Early on, Mother set the bulbs in water and little nests of stones, every dark cool closet floor was a hazard to unwary feet and curious kittens. Now too, geraniums grew on the window sills, pink, white and the huge sprawling Rose geranium which furnished leaves for apple jelly.

We never saw our tree until Christmas morning when the double doors to the parlor were pulled apart. There it stood, tall to the ceiling, its candles glowing and wavering, mystical and gay in the gray early morning light. How it ever got into the house and was decorated undiscovered after we went to bed we never knew. Our only hand in it was to 'help' Santa by stringing popcorn and cranberries which we left on the parlor table along with his snack of crackers and cheese. We hung our long black stockings on the mantel firmly anchored by sadirons.

In the morning, they would be bulging with candy and nuts—and right in the middle—an enormous orange, the only one we had all year. What ways there were to eat an orange! You could peel it carefully in one long strip to whirl over your head and throw to make the initial of your future 'beau'. Then, you carefully scraped off the thick felty hide and split it into pegs which could be made to last a long time while you sorted over your Christmas books, or poured over the cherished treasure always found in the toe of the stocking. (Once mine was a golden heart strung on a golden chain.) Another way was to squeeze it gently, poke a hole in it with a nut pick and suck it, sometimes through a piece of stick candy. The last, and most uninteresting, was just to cut it in half, peel the bitter rind down half an inch and eat it. The only advantage here was that you could save half of it for later.

When the stockings had been emptied and the candies and nuts put in little dishes alongside the piles of presents, and all had been smoothed and touched and looked over and tried on several times over, we all caught hands and ringed the Christmas tree, (its candles now blown out) dancing around it and singing at the tops of our voices: "This tree was grown on Christmas Day, Hail O Father Christmas." Then breathless and fulfilled, we trooped in to breakfast.

God Rest Ye Merry!

KATIE MCREYNOLDS

SEDUM IS A LARGE, varied, widely distributed genus of succulent plants in the Crassulaceae (kras-u-la-se-e) family. A note of interest (at least to all amateur philologists) is that the name is the Latin word for "houseleek", the common name for *Sempervivum* (sem-per-vi-vum) *tectorum* (tec-to-rum), "always living on roofs", a pink-flowered alpine plant found on old roofs and walls in Europe.

Sedum pseudospectabile (su-do-spek-tab-i-le), "false or spurious spectacular", is one of the showy, tall, perennial, leafy sedums from Japan and Central China. It is one of the few adaptable to sub-tropical climates. It requires a rich, moist soil, is an excellent pot plant and is equally at home in a border with its erect, fleshy stems which sucker freely at the base. The light green leaves are an excellent foil for the large, flat flower heads of a bright burgundy. Varying environments may give it a blooming cycle from early summer up to fall. It is remarkably free from pests if grown outdoors. Aphis may be a problem in the house or lath house.

A related species worthy of note is *S. spectabile* with large pink to lavender flowers, easily distinguished by long stamens and very long petals. This plant grows to one and one half feet in height and has thick, gray leaves. Four listed varieties of this species are: *album*, with white flowers; *atropurpureum*

(at-ro-pur-pur-e-um), with deep purple clusters; *rubrum* (roo-brum), with crimson petals; and *variegatum* (va-ri-e-ga-tum) which has soft, obovate yellow leaves with bluish-green toothed margins.

A spectacular display would result from a massive planting of all these in one location.

CRASSULA TRACHYSANTHA (trak-i-san-tha) is a succulent, densely hairy shrub from South Africa which grows to one and one half feet, erect or spreading. The leaves are awl-shaped, partially cylindrical, to three-fourths of an inch in length. Tiny, insignificant white flowers in flat-topped peduncled cymes appear in the fall. Similar species include *C. ausiensis* (os-i-en-sis) found near Aus in S. W. Africa whose narrow leaves are covered with tufted white hairs and *C. mesembryanthoides* (Haage), correctly *C. mesembryanthemoides* (me-sem-bri-an-the-mo-i-dez) resembling a mesembryanthemum, from S. E. Cape Province with its thin stems and cylindrical leaves both covered with rough hairs.

In habit of growth, all of these resemble *C. tetragona* (tet-ra-go-na), "four-angled", which has smooth leaves and is similar to *C. planifolia* (plan-i-fo-li-a), "flat-leaved", with its flat, tapered, lanceolate leaves. All are easy of culture, indifferent as to soil conditions, suitable for pots, rock gardens or borders and very effective in dish gardens and terrariums.

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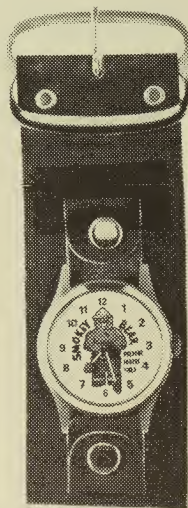
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SPECIES GLADS

BILL GUNTHER

THOSE HUGE, GAUDY, TOP-HEAVY HYBRID GLADS are fine for funeral pieces. However, we who still are able to indulge in home gardening do not quite yet need funeral arrangements. Some things we do not need to rush. Does that imply that home gardeners should not grow glads? No, it does not imply that. We should grow more glads than ever, but maybe in our gardens we should eliminate the type of glads which are good for funerals, and substitute in their place some of those glads which are more delicate and subtle, those which really grace a garden and which also double as charming cut flowers for arrangements of size for use on our coffee table. That is what this article is all about.

For our southern California climate, and for informal gardens and informal arrangements, perhaps the best glad of all is the species *Gladiolus tristis*. That species rarely grows more than eighteen inches high, and it has blossoms which are airily spaced rather than rigidly fixed into a spire. These blossoms are fragrant and long-lasting, and they are of a soft creamy-green color which clashes with nothing. These blossoms are just as attractive in arrangements, indoors in the evening under artificial light, as they are outside at mid-day.

Gladiolus tristis comes from a part of South Africa which has a climate much like ours, for which reason it performs here beautifully, without any pampering. It seems to have built-in bug resistance and fungus resistance, and here there is absolutely no need to dig, separate, dry, dust and replant its bulbs every year. This glad does not need staking; it does not need specially prepared soil; it does not need a distance of six inches between bulbs. The plants perform well either clumped together or scattered in informal drifts; they grow both ways in the wild, and they look beautiful either way. BUT, do not plant them in rows; the species ARE NOT FORMAL.

The generic name "*Gladiolus*" is derived from the latin word "*gladius*", which means "sword". Most glad leaves are shaped like swords, but the leaves of *Gladiolus tristis* are not. They are not flat; they are round, like a needle rather than like a sword. This feature adds to their attractiveness, and it makes the plant a conversation piece both in the garden and in floral arrangements. Most folks have become so accustomed to the flat-leaved commercial glads that when they see *Gladiolus tristis* they do not recognize it as being a glad at all, so they ask what it is. When you reply that it is a glad, they think to themselves that you surely are somewhat addled, and they reflect their doubt by directing more attention and talk to the plant. That is what we mean by saying that it is a real conversation piece.

Of course, *Gladiolus tristis* is not the only attractive glad species. A number of them in your garden can provide a wide selection of colors and a prolonged bloom season. There are about 150 different species to choose from, among which is the pink blossomed *Gladiolus cuspidatus*. The print of *G. cuspidatus* which illustrates this article is more effective than words in emphasizing that some of the species truly are different, and that they represent a type of informal charm which has been lost in the case of the hybridized commercial show varieties.

Where does one go to obtain the gladiolus species? One method of getting them for your garden is to get seeds from plants which already might be growing in a friend's garden in your neighborhood. Glads from seeds? Yes! One of the advantages of species glads is that like all species they "come true" from seeds, and they can be propagated from seeds. Hybrid glads do not come true from seeds; they can be propagated from bulbs or bulblets only. Commercial nurseries and commercial mail order catalogues ordinarily deal in hybrid glads only, which is why most gardeners never have heard of growing glads from seeds.

Of course, the species as well as the hybrids can be propagated from bulbs and bulblets. (The correct name for the special type of bulb which is typified by the glad is "corm", and the baby division of a corm is called a "cormel".) Whether you are starting with seeds, cormels, corms, or plants, the best garden location for glads is a sunny one, with well drained sandy loam which can be enriched with any form of humus. Surprising, but true, is the fact that the most important time to feed glads is during the flowering period and soon thereafter; not before. This is because the early growth of the stalk is fed by the nutrients stored in the corm from the previous season. The additional nutrients during and after the bloom season are needed to build up a food supply in the new corms and cormels to support the following season's early growth. A "balanced" fertilizer is better than one which contains one element only.

If you want *G. tristis* for your garden and if you cannot obtain it elsewhere, then mark your calendar for Sunday afternoon, December 2, to attend the San Diego Floral Association's "Old Fashioned Christmas" at the Casa del Prado in Balboa Park, or else the "Christmas Bazaar" at the Quail Botanic Gardens, in Encinitas. There will be plant sales on the same date at both locations. At those sales, look for seeds, cormels, corms, and/or plants of *Gladiolus tristis* and other gladiolus species.

THE KATE SESSIONS I REMEMBER

MARGARET TIPTON WHEATLY

“GOOD MORNING, CHILD.”—in a soft New England accent was my invariable greeting, from a stooped, gently smiling, little old lady who often met me at the entrance of the Pacific Beach Nursery with trowel and perhaps some treasured seedling in very grubby hands—gloves were for “sissy” gardeners.

Although I was not yet a child, the expanse of years that separated an aspiring youthful apprentice and the octogenarian Kate O. Sessions was a half century. One of my pleasures was to drive her ancient car which was most often burdened with plants inside and out; a bale of peatmoss or bean straw tied onto a rack that completely hid the spare tire. I often thought, “What would we do if we got a flat?” but the good fairy or guardian saint of innocent “girls” watched over us. Her advice was sound: never head into an entry or driveway—always put the tail in, then you are ready to leave.

Some of her philosophies are well known, like: don’t plant a five dollar plant in a fifty cent hole. A prize one I remember was to an elegantly dressed gentleman who came to the nursery one day and described his very dour planting prospects for a tree. Miss Sessions told him only a pepper tree would survive those conditions. He almost exploded and told her what he thought of that choice, whereupon she looked her pleasantest and smiled—which would melt most people—and replied, “Well you shave everyday, don’t you?” He took a pepper tree with him, but we never learned its fate.

Nothing was wasted. Opened envelopes were used for scratch paper. Even today, after many intervening years, I treasure every one that comes to us to organize my pencil notes upon. However, I have NOT yet turned them inside-out and reused them for mailing. That bit of frugality must have been a holdover from her New England parents.

She did not often lay aside her teacher-pupil kindly attitude, but one day she came back to the nursery and found me looking for a plant in BAILEY, whereupon she slammed the book shut and said, “You don’t

know enough to find a plant.” I was crushed. I think that was the first time she had witnessed tears, at least for years, but her reserve forbade an apology.

During my all too brief years association with KOS, she was aware of my knowledge at least twice. One year, she had put off ordering aloe and other succulent seeds from the Botanical Garden in South Africa, and we were about to miss the planting season. I suggested that she send the order by air mail which was then quite new. She was delighted and amazed that for twenty-five cents she could send the order, and it would arrive in a very few days, instead of perhaps a month or longer by ship. She was skeptical though and insisted on personally mailing it herself even though it meant time out from the nursery. Another time was when the Horticultural Editor of AMERICAN HOME, Mr. E. L. D. Seymore, for whom I had done a few pieces, came to San Diego to see ME. That she almost never got over! My greatest pleasure was to introduce them and take them to see strange, to an Easterner, plants and landscaping projects. Presidio Park was thriving under her guidance.

Before the days gardeners learned that jeans were perfect for gardening, I wore culottes. KOS was fascinated by my double skirts and resolved to have a dress suit made by her little dressmaker with bifurcated skirt to wear to her annual lecture before the EBELL club in Los Angeles. We ordered homespun wool from Biltmore Industries, Asheville, North Carolina. My husband was wearing suits tailored from their cloth, and she was overwhelmed by its wearing quality, which pleased her frugality.

By this time, her hearing was impaired. On this occasion at the EBELL club, she was to share the program with someone. A thing that had never happened before—partly because the payment for a lecture was for those days quite substantial. The other speaker was apparently a humorist, because as she related the maddening incident to us later, he kept the women in stitches for longer than she cared to wait, and being at the far end of the room from him

could not hear a word he was saying, so she picked up her traditional basket of choice plant parts and stalked out of the room.

Those of us who drove her car were in constant fear of getting a traffic ticket for double parking. It happened to me. She wanted to go into a bookstore on Fourth Street for just a moment to say "Hello" to an old friend. When she returned, a cop was writing out a ticket. "What is that man doing?" she asked me. "He is giving us a ticket for double parking," was my faint reply. Well, she had lived in San Diego for perhaps half a century and was not about to pay a fine for a simple little thing like double parking. In the unloading zone two cars ahead, a truck had its tail to the curb. "Why not give that fellow a ticket? He sticks out farther than my car." The officer paid no heed to her, finished writing out the summons and handed it to her to sign.

That meant we next went to the traffic court. Miss Sessions marched right in to the judge and found that worthy gentleman sitting in his swivel chair, feet on desk, smoking a big black cigar. At the sight, she started giving him a lecture on the terrible hazards of smoking and went on at such a breath-taking speed that she finally had to pause. The judge asked, "What brings you here?" Only then did she remember the ticket and handed it to him. He cancelled it and was pleased to get rid of her at last so that he could go on enjoying his cigar in peace.

Miss Sessions sometimes failed to understand that San Diego was growing into a city and that many of the newer people did not know her from any other little old lady—often with muddy shoes and work-worn hands, looking as though she had just left her country chores to come to the city to do some errands. However, each day she wore an immaculate antique lace collar and treasured brooch—even if sometimes she did not take time to freshen up.

There has been a lot of misinformation written about her accomplishments. One misunderstanding that I want to set straight is that she hybridized the unusual trees and plants her nursery was noted for. She no doubt had the knowledge, but her busy commercial business allowed neither the time nor facility to grow hybrid plants to maturity. Propagation, yes by the conventional methods: seeds, cuttings, layering—but not hybridizing.

One day a farmer near Lakeside brought in a specimen of a delicate blue flowered shrubby plant that

had not been recognized, named, or propagated. A more fame-seeking person would thereupon have named it *Ceanothus sessionsii*, but not the modest KOS. She wanted it called by a name that would describe its unusual color. In fact, she deplored that phase of plant discovery; to memorialize one's self at the expense of giving a plant a descriptive name that would help gardeners understand its potential, was almost a phobia with her. Thus, we know the plant as *Ceanothus cyaneus* or Lakeside lilac.

She was made very happy, but I doubt if much richer, when she planted the Persian Carpet composed of thousands of rare and colorful mesembryanthemum on Treasure Island, San Francisco. That she was more interested in a new plant and how it would adapt to local conditions than the monetary aspect of business sometimes caught her in a bind when the men had to be paid. Then we gassed up the chevy and went to the bank; not hers, she'd explain when we neared downtown, but Mr. Sefton's bank could be depended upon to advance the money for the weekly stipend. My meager wages could wait, or be taken out in plants as frequently happened.

Among my souvenirs, beside the invaluable techniques of plant growing and appreciation of her philosophies which I absorbed, are a few books and the impractical but beautiful plant boards an admiring young lad made for her to carry to Europe but best of all is one of her old roll-top desks where I compose my thoughts and writings.

When in San Diego about a year ago, I enjoyed a visit to some of my old familiar places with my former "nursery boy", George Kempland. I was happy to learn that they plan another Kate Sessions succulent garden in Balboa Park. I recall planting flats of a delightful little annual mesembryanthemum to be set out in her garden for the exposition. Yet, her knowledge of the kind of plant material that should be planted in the arid land was not always taken too seriously. She resisted recommending camellias up to the very last, but Mr. Sefton defied even that knowledgeable little lady and bought a collection of the elegant plants. When they were in their best bloom, he had "open garden" so that people could view the lovely luxuriant plantings.

On the way home, more to herself than to me, she remarked, "I might as well have had that nice order."

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The type of espalier we know best is simple to create with a moderate investment of time and patience. Right-angled branches grow horizontally from a strong central leader, with the laterals balanced on either side, rising symmetrically in tiers. The leader makes a small point at the top. A flat plane is maintained by eliminating all opposing branches. This type, a traditional French pattern, goes by the group name, espalier.

The English Gridiron pattern adds a new twist by shortening the running length of the horizontal arms, and turning them up at vertical right angles. The result resembles a candelabra. The similar French Vertical Cordon looks like a tuning fork or trident. Both patterns employ L-shaped laterals and vary the horizontal span. Though striking, they require great care in the bending process, since reductions must be gradual.

In Fan-shaped espaliers, the branches are trained to radiate at oblique angles, like the sticks of a fan. As the new leader grows out, the process is repeated until the palm-leaf design takes form. Branches are raised or lowered in the process to insure adequate sap flow during the training period. When the pattern has been achieved, terminal buds are pruned away regularly to prevent out-of-scale growth.

The standard and bush type espaliers, which are free-standing and quite informal, could more accurately be called topiary pieces. To restrict growth, the leader is eliminated in

these types also, and regular pruning of terminal and outside buds keeps them flat and in scale with the garden.

In France, commercial fruit growers employ the cordon system of training to utilize all possible space in their orchards. The fruit trees, trained along taut wires strung between heavy wooden posts, become verdant ropes with brightly colored apples and pears ripening in the sun upon them. Some of Europe's finest fruit is grown in this way. Although in some areas we cordon our grapes, we seldom use this method of growing other fruits.

French orchardists also use Oblique cordons for space economy, as well as the spectacular Single cordon, with two opposite horizontals, and the Vertical cordon in both the double- and triple-pronged upright types. In these latter forms, all vertical laterals are set close to the leader.

Perhaps the best way to demonstrate the process of training espaliers is to concentrate on fruit trees, though the

principles will be the same for most other plants. Certainly fruit tree espaliers offer the greatest rewards, since they are not only beautiful but productive as well. Citrus is especially popular in our area; dwarf kumquats, Meyer lemons, dwarf oranges, tangerines, and tangeloes all make lovely living decorations and bear generous amounts of fruit as well. Loquats can be trellis-trained and used in the same way, though on a larger scale. Think of the related color harmonies in orange, yellow, and bitter green.

In setting forth to become a city orchardist in the French tradition, or a country squire fruit grower, the first step is to obtain good stock. From the best available nursery, order maiden fruit trees with strong central shoots. They should be selected from choice varieties of true dwarf stock, well grafted. Self-sterility factors and your planting zone are both matters for consideration. Your nurseryman can be an ally here.



Hibiscus America, on south wall of service area in Fashion Square, Santa Ana, California.



(photo) Vi Morgenroth

Algerian ivy espalier in decorative diamond pattern in La Jolla Hermosa. Freestanding wall is actually at right angles to the house, forming a parking area. A dramatic achievement at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford Reynolds, 6378 Camino de la Costa, La Jolla.

Since few fruit trees prosper in shade, a warm sunny location is a prerequisite to real success in fruit growing. Well drained, good loamy soil is needed for best results. It should be dug deeply, and enriched and augmented as required, before setting out the tree.

In cool climates, espaliered trees can be planted 6 to 8 inches from walls. The reflected heat stored in the wall will aid in ripening the fruit. In warmer sections, the distance from the wall should be increased to 10 to 12 inches. This placement insures adequate ventilation at the back of the tree, and prevents the dryness of too much heat from the wall.

Since fruit crops are heavy on these dwarfed and highly restricted flat trees, strong support is necessary to bear the weight of the crop. If long laterals are planned, stout wires strung between posts and drawn quite taut prove satisfactory. For shrubs and specimens in planters, well constructed trellises may be used.

If design factors are well planned in advance, metal rings may be bolted into stone or block walls to support the developing plant. Trellises, with posts sunk in concrete, may be designed for the tree's form, but need to be well braced at the top. The branches of espaliered plants should never be bound tightly to the framework. Raffia, the new plastic tape or old leather shoe laces make adequate ties.

Proper pruning is the key to maintaining the chosen pattern after the fruit tree or other espaliered shrub has been planted. The primary cut is made at about 12 inches above the

ground. This cutting back of the leader forces the growth of the first two lateral arms. In warm climates such as Southern California the leader may be cut back again in late winter at a point about 12 inches above the first cut. This will produce a second pair of lateral branches. Laterals are successively produced in this way as the ladder of the espalier takes form. Oblique positioning of the laterals creates a fan pattern, and right-angle or L-shaped tying and bending make regu-

lar Gridiron or French Cordon types.

When non-fruit-bearing leafy twigs grow out from the laterals, they are cut back to the branch, leaving a tuft of leaves to nourish the incipient fruit spurs which will emerge at these points from the old wood. Care must be taken to avoid bruising any fruit spurs during pruning. In order to preserve the balance of leaf and root foods, all leaf shoots under 8 inches in length are left on the plant. The chlorophyll food made in the leaves



(photo) Thos. L. Crist

A bougainvillea vine is brilliantly used as an espalier against a white brick wall in the front garden of Admiral Beverley R. Harrison, 670 Alameda Blvd., Coronado, California.



vertical and horizontal cordon



random



three grid



double stem

TYPES OF ESPALIERS



single "U"



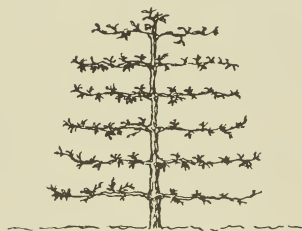
double "U"



triple "U"



vertical espalier



horizontal espalier

drains downward, and the sap rises up through the branches to nourish the tree. The bending required for training inhibits the sap flow to some extent and helps to keep the tree small.

Rigorous pruning starts in mid-June and is kept up continuously throughout the summer. At summer's end, the ground around the tree is thoroughly cultivated and a 3-inch layer of well-rotted manure is spread and covered with a heavy mulch. All leafy, non-fruiting twigs are cut back to the branch, leaving the usual leaf tufts. In January in warm areas such as Southern California, the leader may be cut back again.

In the Spring the manure and mulch are well dug into the earth. The light April pruning is resumed, and in mid-June the constant cutting of leafy twigs commences. Liquid fertilizer made by draining water through good manure, can be added in July and August. Forcing and fertilizing produce heavy fruit crops. With this intensive type of fruit culture all branches of the espalier bear fruit. If fruiting is too heavy some spurs are cut out, to give air and growing space to the rest of the fruit.

Many other plant materials make fine espaliers. For grace and elegance use the Mystery gardenia, or, the sturdier, more unusual *Gardenia thunbergia*, which thrives against a warm wall. Its long flower tubes, capped with overlapping whorls of white petals, lend fragrance to the garden.

The willow form and shining



(photo) Thos. L. Crist

Two espaliered pyracanthas on walls of a garden in Coronado. Fabulous Blue Palm, *Erythea armata*, inside the wall.

leaves of *Camellia sasanqua* are just made for espaliers. In early fall these lovelies are available in bloom. Their single wild-rose type of flower comes in lovely shades from white to red. They have much charm, but the bloom shatters easily.

Nothing could prove more practical or enduring than an espalier of *Pittosporum tobira*. It has surprising interest and style when trained with strong right-angled laterals and a good cen-

tral leader against house or garden walls. This carefree evergreen withstands dust, drought and abuse, even in the most exposed and underprivileged locations.

Grewia caffra is another fast grower despite sun or wind. The three-inch, toothed, gray-green leaves seem to flatten themselves against the wall. The small starlike lavender-blue flowers are almost everblooming.

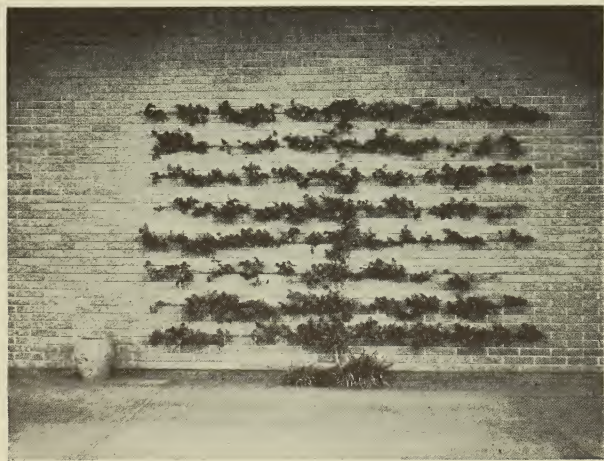
A generous use of red-berried pyracanthas, trained in dramatic espalier patterns in sturdy planter boxes, will bid a gay welcome to guests at Yuletide and continue to delight visitors with foamy trusses of white blossoms in the spring. The Evergreen Pear has similar charm but no fruit.

Because of its irregular growth habit and short needle-like leaves, *Podocarpus totara* is well suited to a Japanese type of espalier.

Calliandra inaequilatera makes a most colorful espalier. It is called Pink Powderpuff, for its fluffy blooms that flower from October through March. When the flowers are gone the pinnate leaves show a distinct bronze color on the new foliage. A strong grower, it requires frequent shaping.

Bauhinia galpini is a gay vining shrub. With warm weather, the dormant boughs burst into a profusion of twin leaves, followed later by striking orange-red flowers. It is easy to train, does best on a south wall, out of the wind.

The use of hibiscus as an espalier is new, but fine for San Diego where



Cissus antarctica, Kangaroo Treebine espalier. A handsome evergreen vine with shining leaves, clean and hardy, from Australia. Fashion Square, Santa Ana, California.

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Vitis (Cissus) roemeriana, a vine with very large five-parted leaves. A huge grower with striking young foliage. Espalier at Fashion Square, Santa Ana, California.

it needs the extra bonus of heat reflected from a wall.

Almost any vine makes an espalier. Pick a pattern and train to shape. Bouganvilleas are most brilliant but how does the pruner withstand the thorns? For a striking silhouette against stucco walls, the "quickie" gardener can entwine ropes of medium-leaf ivy on welded iron trees.

Whether our materials are fruiting, flowering or vining, we must pay tribute to the genius of Louis Lorette who taught us a new technique for handling them. His beautiful and varied espalier patterns, which have served France for a great many years, are now being adopted by eager amateurs in America and elsewhere around the world.



(photo) Vi Mergenroth
Pyrus kawakami, Evergreen Pear espalier on the front retaining wall of the residence of Rear Adm. Sydney B. Dodds, 2961 First St., San Diego.

PLANT YOUR LIVING CHRISTMAS TREE

HELEN WITHAM

SO YOU WENT TO THE TREE farm and bought yourself a Christmas Tree—a living tree, the kind that never becomes a solid waste disposal problem but becomes a joy to your family, your neighbors and the passers-by for years to come. You kept it in a cool shady place, sprinkled the foliage occasionally and kept the earth ball moist. When you were ready to move it into the house and decorate it, you set it into a tub, that old plastic dishpan, or the baby's bath and put it into the coolest part of the living room or family room—certainly not in front of the heater. You kept it indoors for not more than two weeks, and of course you watered it while in the house—about two cups a day. Now it is time to set the tree into its permanent home. You may want to keep it in a large container for a year or several years. If you are a container specialist, follow your usual successful procedure for container plants. If you want to make it a bonsai, you know how to handle that.

If this tree is destined to be planted in a hole in the ground, here is what you do: Dig the hole—a good way to use up some of those extra calories you have been indulging in. Dig a hole twice as wide as the root ball and one and one half times as deep as the root ball, keeping in mind that this is not an engineering job. Leave the hole a little rough inside; it is not a well. The roughness gives the tree roots a little more area to explore when they break out of the fill dirt you pack around them. They have to work out into what is often, in this area, inhospitable soil, and they do it better when they are not in a slick-sided hole. Perfectly symmetrical holes have been known to set roots going in circles.

Mix the soil from the hole with some planter mix or humus. Then measure the height of the root ball and fill the hole to a point so that the tree's soil line will be two or three inches above the new soil level. You can measure the depth of the hole by laying a stick across it and measuring down from that. Wet this basement soil to settle it, adding more as necessary to bring the base to the correct height.

Moving an evergreen tree with its ball of earth is not child's play. It is heavy—fifty to seventy-five pounds; you must not allow the earth to break away from the roots. This is important whether your tree came “B and B” (balled and burlapped) freshly dug from a tree farm or from a nursery can. The books always say, “Do not pick up the tree by its trunk.” They also usually say to drag it on a piece of canvas, which you probably do not possess—the seat of an old pair of jeans works very nicely. You might even help to season a teen-

ager's jeans; this is guaranteed to make them look old, especially if you drag the tree across some concrete. Carefully lower it into the prepared hole. This will add some mud to the jeans, since you just soaked the soil in the bottom. Retrieve the jeans and fill in around the root ball. Break some soil from the sides of the hole and mix with the soil you have prepared. This latter maneuver gives the roots a choice of soils.

Water your tree, straighten your aching back and have a Merry Christmas next year when you decorate your outdoor tree.



There are many varieties of conifers that will serve well as a living Christmas Tree, including the Colorado Blue Spruce, shown here as an attractive addition to the home landscape. The tree is decorated with colored lights for evening display and enjoyment. Photo courtesy of Calif. Association of Nurserymen



Jatropha cathartica
Jatropha podagrica



KISSIN'

THELMA O'REILLY

THE EUPHORBIACEA is comprised of a large family of flowering plants including herbs, shrubs and trees of such variable nature that one who searches for the rare and unusual finds this family a "collector's delight".

This family of about 250 genera and 6,000 species has settled in nearly all parts of the world. The plants main characteristics are a milky-juice and the absence of petals in their flowers.

The genus *Euphorbia* is composed of about 300 species. It is, in my opinion, the most fascinating in this large family. The curious and varied growth forms in the species which have developed a succulent growth habit captures the interest of the most discriminating collector.

The "new look" in gardens of succulent plant collectors is the caudiciforms. Generally, this term is applied to a species having a swollen caudex (the base of the stem), or a large tuberous root with succulent stems and/or leaves. Many caudiciforms are found in the Euphorbiaceae family.

JATROPHA CATHARTICA

A species of the Euphorbiaceae family which has been grown under the synonym *berlandieri* for many years. Its native habitat is the Rio Grande plains of Texas and northern Mexico. This unusual species is an "eye-catcher" to all who are fortunate enough to make its acquaintance. It is difficult to choose its most attractive feature.

The annual stems and leaves are softly grey-green in color with a silvery bloom. The delicate palmately-cut foliage grows lush and strong when given nearly full sun. The sand colored caudex is covered with a maze-like pattern of light brown corky patches, small cinnamon colored round dots are randomly scattered over the surface. Lucky collectors can boast of one or more sunken eyes or holes in the caudex of their plant. Clusters of small salmon-pink flowers on slender stems are held above the foliage during summer and early fall.

The plant should be potted with most of the caudex above soil level and watered sparingly during its dormant period.

JATROPHA PODAGRICA

This is a stately succulent shrub from Central

CALIFORNIA GARDEN

COUSINS

ED PASAHOW, photos

(Photo subjects are in the collection
of Thelma O'Reilly.)

America, West Indies and Colombia.

The caudex, thickened at the base and slender above, reaches about two feet at maturity. It is grey skinned, later turning tan and shedding. The smooth green, peltate, three-lobed leaves are long-petioled and slightly pruinose. One of the most interesting features of this stunning plant is the horny stipules. The branched inflorescence bears many brilliant scarlet red flowers during the entire year.

It seems to like partial shade, humus in a sandy soil and moderate watering—except in summer when it responds to heavy watering and misting.

PEDILANTHUS MACROCARPA

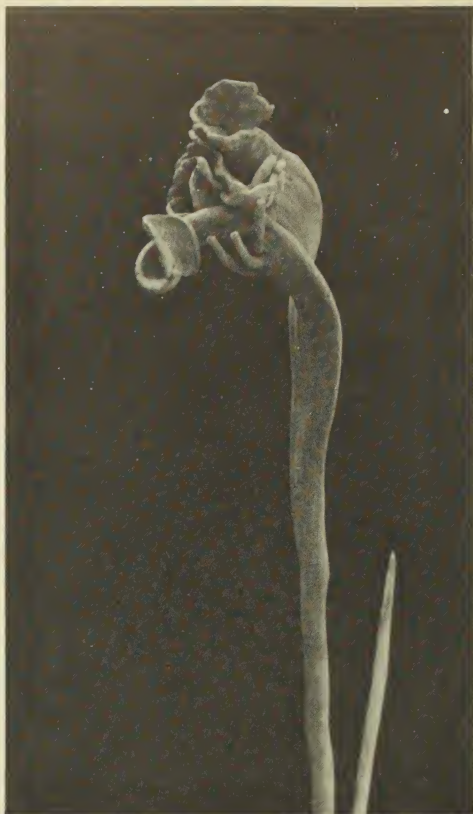
This particular plant is a cutting from one collected on the coast of Baja, but it is also native to the West Indies, California and the Mexican mainland. It is common around Punta Prieta which is about 500 miles south of the border. It is a succulent shrub with erect branching shoots growing about three feet high. The shoots are grey-green, jointed, round and from one half to one inch thick with tiny leaves which fall off soon after they are formed.

It is a desirable plant for its unusual blooms which appear on and off throughout the summer. On a short pedicel sprouting from the shoot, there appears what resembles an inch long flying shrimp-pink miniature bird with an elongated beak. As this most interesting bloom turns into a seed pod, it assumes the shape of an inverted Parisian parasol with a deeply recurved handle.

This plant makes many normal off-sets but few crests. Under my growing conditions the swirls of the crest have become tinged with a soft pink, and it reminds me of a lovely undulating sea creature.

EUPHORBIA TORTIRAMA

This is an odd, spiny, succulent dwarf Euphorbia that was collected in the Transvaal, Africa. The thickened main root forms a carrot-shaped tuberous body which is raised above the soil level when potted. Thick three-angled branches, which are irregularly tuberculate and spirally twisted along the angles, are formed from the apex of the caudex. The inflorescence is yellow and rather insignificant. This caudiciform is very rare and not easily obtained.



Pedilanthus macrocarpa

Euphorbia tortirama



NUTS ! ! ! ! !

ROSALIE GARCIA

"NUTS TO YOU" or even "nerts" is a put-down common in our vernacular. "Nutty as a fruit cake" describes one with a non-violent touch of madness. Nutty as an adjective may denote a remark, a person, a plan or anything off-beat or unacceptable. How so many insulting, derogatory expressions have evolved from a botanical specimen which is a dry, one-celled fruit that does not split open at maturity is more than I have researched. The Britannica lists over one hundred nuts used in commerce for stock feed, industrial oils and for food. This article will deal with the edible ones grown and sold commercially.

Since the flavor of the nut comes from the oil, many of the oiliest like pecans and black walnuts taste the best. Many nuts are fifty percent fat, but are also twenty to thirty percent protein which makes them excellent meat substitutes. That does not give one license to snack a bowl of nuts which can easily add up to 1,000 calories not counted in the daily food intake. There is a growing demand for nuts that has raised the price to two dollars a pound—and more. Considering that there is no waste and it takes from seven to ten years for a nut tree to get into full production, that they are often very large trees which grow on expensive land and many thrive on irrigated land, the price is not out of line in comparison.

Although nuts have long been a staple in cakes, pies, breads and candies, most are eaten as snacks. They do not come from garden trees. The magnificent pecan and black walnut trees are too big for ordinary gardens. The English walnuts that have been left in some subdivisions are too big and sprawly to fit in properly. The macadamia, ornamental and tropical, is finding a place in many southern California gardens. It is evergreen with handsome foliage, is seldom more than fifteen feet tall and shapes well. It bears clusters of round green shells that split open to let fall shiny round brown nuts as hard as rocks. So far, the bulk of the commercial production comes from Hawaii where a crisp nut that roasts well appeals to the public.

The "English" walnut is not English but Persian in origin. It thrives best in a hot, dry climate similar to modern Iran and what is approximated in our central valleys which produce ninety percent of the commercial crop which runs in the thousands of tons in California.

From October on in San Diego County, it is possible to buy English Walnuts from local ranchers in our "back country". They have a few walnut trees

which produce many bushels but not enough to have commercial value and too many for home use. It is fun to drive along low-traffic roads and pick up a fifty-pound sack of unshelled nuts and stash them away squirrel-like, for the winter. To find a commercial venture, secluded on Woods Valley Road back of Valley Center, the one well-advertised as "Bates Bros. Nut Farm" is a pleasant surprise and a fine source of nuts.

In 1921, Mr. Gilbert Bates moved from Ramona to the present location where he farmed and sold English walnuts. His son, Clifford, continued his work until his sons branched out into wholesale and retail selling of nuts, fruits and seeds. The son, Walter Bates, the business manager of the enterprise, says that in the ten years they have had this business it has increased thirty percent a year until now they handle over 200,000 pounds of nuts and have eight permanent employees. Their salesroom, a converted red barn, is often so crowded on weekends that it is hard to get to the counters of packaged nuts, dried fruits and seeds—and at that, nearly half of their business is mail order.

They have made their surroundings attractive to families, and others who like a day in the country, by having picnic tables in a grove in front of the barn. There are sheep and goats in a corral across the driveway. In the fall, there are fields of pumpkins of the pie or Halloween variety in golden rows along the approach road and around the enclave of family homes. For fifty cents, one may go into the field and pick his own pumpkin. Children delight in this exercise in decision, and more than children also enjoy it. A friend and I tramped over more than an acre trying to decide which was the best to suit my specification of: flattish, with even golden color, not blemished and a nice crooked stem. Finally we decided on one, even if the stem was not quite up to perfection.

Mr. Bates says their largest sales are of English walnuts and run into around 100,000 pounds yearly. Part comes from local growers, but most come from the great orchards in our central valleys from Fresno to Bakersfield. Because of labor costs, their sorting and shelling machinery is not used as much as it used to be. Their large refrigeration rooms with temperatures as low as thirty degrees keep their nuts sweet and fresh tasting. Unless kept at low temperatures nuts grow rancid quickly because of their oil content. When buying nuts in quantity, keeping them in the

refrigerator or even the freezer assures fresh nuts for a year.

Next to walnuts, sweet almonds are most in demand. They also come from California's central valleys. They are natives of the Mediterranean climates. They have two enemies which often make the yields uncertain: They bloom in January or February when frosts are still imminent, and the husk borer which attacks the young nuts. The price of these almonds has leaped eighty percent in the last year, because the Japanese have discovered them and are buying whole crops. This often makes the slivered, chopped, blanched and roasted almonds more than two dollars a pound. The almond tree is attractive and is a member of the peach family. Young almonds look like peaches until the outer skin hardens into a shell, which splits open and discharges the nut.

Pecans rank with almonds and walnuts in popularity and come from the southern states—Georgia being the greatest producer. New Mexico, around Las Cruces, boasts the largest pecan groves, which must run into the hundreds of acres. Pecans are a native of the southern states from which come the small, sweet wild pecans with hard shells, the favorite of the baking trade. The drier, less sweet and large paper shells are for snacks and are the ones sold in the supermarkets in the shell. The pecan belongs to the same family as the native southern hickory nut. As a child, I remember pleasant fall days along the ditch banks picking up the wild pecans. It was a kind of social occasion when the children from town came out to help, and we had a picnic and roasted chicquips which are a sweet acorn native to the South. We did not roast the pecans in the shell, for it was still too difficult to open them without a good hammer and a brick. We also added hickory nuts to our sacks. A favorite was a small, hard-shelled one we called a "scaly bark". If put in a vise and hit just right with a heavy hammer, it would split into two equal parts and a nice half would come out of each piece. It was not as oily as the bigger nuts from which we gouged small pieces for cakes and candies. We also added some black walnuts from the magnificent trees that grew up to a hundred feet tall. Sadly, they have since succumbed to the furniture trade. Hulling the black walnuts was a dirty, handstaining job, but we found the nuts worth it. The hulls were often salvaged by my grandmother for a fine golden dye which never faded. Mr. Bates says he still imports around 4,000 pounds of black walnuts for the ice cream trade.

Filberts or hazel nuts, another of our commercial nuts, come mostly from Oregon. Their dryness keeps them from being appreciated as much as they might be, but weight watchers can be soothed by the thought that they do not have the oil of pecans and walnuts.

Mr. Bates imports thousands of pounds of nuts

that grow in the Tropics that are almost as much a staple as the banana and pineapple. Heading the list is the Brazil nut from tropical South America, principally from Brazil but also Peru and Bolivia. These are not cultivated but grow wild and are harvested by hand. That flat-sided shape is caused by several nuts fitting into one shell or burr. Shelling is done mostly in this country, but if one buys them in the shell, putting them in a 250 degree oven for about an hour will cause the kernel to come loose from the shell and come out whole. Pouring boiling water over them and allowing them to set until they cool also helps.

Only since World War II has the cashew come into its own. It is a native of Central and South America but was taken to Africa and India by the Portuguese in the 15th century. In poor soil, it is an evergreen shrub, but in the steamy Indian Coast it makes a forty-foot tree where the great commercial groves are cultivated and from which the United States imports 60,000 tons. Mr. Bates says he imports about 50,000 pounds and finds a growing demand. The nut appears in the calyx of the cashew apple which is shaped more like a pear. From the apple juice, jams and jellies are made in the Tropics. This appendage which encloses the nut has two walls, the outer of which is smooth and glass like, olive green in color until it matures to a rust-red. Between the shells, there is a brown oil which has a blistering effect on the skin, but is usable in lubricants and insecticides. The fruits are picked by hand and dried in the sun after the nuts are detached. In 1923, a packing process was discovered in which the nuts were put in tins, the air removed and then carbon dioxide was pumped into the tins. Before this the great majority of cashews had spoiled in transit. In the past twenty-five years, we are demanding more and more of the mild and mealy nuts which are delicious in the raw state. Ground into butter these are a staple of the health food stores and are said to be the most easily digested of all nuts.

The pale green pistachio is also coming more and more into favor. Mr. Bates says his supply comes mostly from Turkey, but groves in California's central valleys will make a home supply possible in a few years. The delicate and distinctive flavor is fine for snacks but most are used in the ice cream trade.

The Bates brothers have lesser supplies of other nuts such as the delightful pine nuts that come from the European Stone Pine and smaller ones from our pinon trees of Arizona and New Mexico. The latter were and are a great delicacy of the American Indians.

We can buy chestnuts in the shell in our markets in the fall. They are more rare now because of a devastating disease that hit the trees in our eastern states. They are the high carbohydrate nuts which are boiled or roasted and have played a great part in the

diets in this country. France produces most of the chestnuts on the market today; they make a glaze of them much prized in the candy trade.

With our meat situation what it is, there will be a greater search for protein; nuts will be a good source. Before this nuts had moved from desserts to vegetables and casseroles and even to fill out hamburgers. The vegetarians have been making steaks of them, throwing in some ground soy beans and getting along very well without meat. Almonds with green beans is a staple gourmet dish.

Nuts in candies have long been a favorite use. My friend, Carolyn Ammerman, has a simple brittle that can be a dessert. She calls it Toffee Candy: Spread a cup of any kind of nuts in a shallow pan. Combine ½ cup of white sugar and one cube of butter (oleo won't do) in a big iron skillet over low heat, stirring with a rubber spatula until none of the butter is running around on top. Increase the heat, but not too high, and stir until the mixture is caramel colored. Spread over the nuts with a sliver knife. Press the sides and bottom of pan with fingers so that the candy will come out in one piece. This takes about fifteen minutes and there is dessert.

So. . . Nuts to all of you! ! ! !

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CHRISTMAS

IN THE EARLY 1900's, my family went to Cedros Island to spend Christmas vacation. The island is about 400 miles south of San Diego, and fifty miles off the coast of Baja California, Mexico. My father was a mining engineer employed by a big mining company that sent him from one mine to another. At this time, he was the manager of the copper mine on Cedros. Twice we had spent the summer vacations on Cedros while living in San Diego during the school year. Our San Diego home was a house built by a family named Nutt, which prompted us children to call it the "Nutt House". On Cedros, we lived in a big wooden house near the ocean. Its great charm to us was that each child had a bedroom of his own.

Cedros is a terribly barren island, no vegetation grows anywhere in sight of the house. The view is the beautiful blue ocean. The house was built in a U-shape that curved into the mountain at the back, making a sheltered patio where there was a well to catch the sparse rainfall to keep alive some magenta geraniums and some big red and green castor-bean plants. My mother appreciated the geraniums so much that she always wore a blossom in her hair. Our water supply came from a spring up the canyon.

The mine was two and one half miles up the canyon where there was a store and housing for about one hundred Mexican miners, mostly single men but a few families. It seemed a long way to the mine, but there was no other place to go. We could ride a horse or mule, but we often hiked. There were mesquite trees along the way, and near the top of the mountains there were pines and cedars which gave the island its name. There were no roads above the mine; it was a struggle to get above it, but the view was magnificent. The twelve mile width and twenty-three mile length of the island was all before us, and the blue ocean sparkled all around us. It was always warm on the coast where we lived. We could climb down on the rocks and swim in the warm water every day. Up on top of the island, perhaps a 2,000 feet elevation, it was cool enough for us to wish we could get there more often. In the spring, the sides of the

ON CEDROS ISLAND

MARGARET BALDWIN

mountains and valleys were covered with wild flowers, especially wild larkspur in red, blue, yellow and white.

When we were "in residence", we often had guests, even famous ones. One time the widow of the poet and writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Mr. Shepherd, an illustrator of children's books, came for a rest. Mrs. Stevenson's nephew, an assayer who worked for my father, had recommended Cedros. My mother was always afraid her brood would forget the ways of civilization and the routine and discipline we had learned. She organized real parties for the five of us. I was the oldest; the youngest was six. We even had dances with victrola music and cards on which requests for dances were listed. Always we dressed for dinner and ate under candle light.

Gardening was not a part of our lives. Our fruits and vegetables were canned, except for the fresh ones that came on the monthly supply ship. With no refrigeration and the warm climate, they did not last long. We had plenty of fresh fish, turtles, lobster and abalone. The Chinese cook at the mine baked wonderful bread. We did rig up a kind of refrigerator with a big box screened on all sides and a layer of gunny sacks on top. A leaky pan kept the sacks wet, and the sea breezes fanned it cool giving us plenty of cool milk from our cow.

On this Christmas vacation, we had come down to be with Dad and had looked forward to the routine we knew on Cedros. Dad had to go to Ensenada, Mexico, but expected to be back on the supply ship which was due on Christmas Eve. Early on that day, we began to go out on the porch to watch the ship come over the horizon. We had not brought much with us, because Dad always loaded up with all kinds of things he knew we children would like. In the afternoon, our watching became more anxious. We wondered what was holding up the ship. Mother would tell us maybe they left Ensenada late because of the loading. Or, maybe they were waiting for a shipment that was late. She could think of many things that could hold up a ship.

By dark, we could not see and had given up that it

would arrive that day. If it did, supplies would not be unloaded until the next day. A ship could not dock near the shore, for the water was too shallow. It dropped anchor about a half mile out, and a "lighter", a kind of a big square raft went out to meet it and bring in supplies. Previously, a man had rowed out and attached a line to the ship, the other end of which was secured on the lighter whose crew pulled it out overhand. This system was reversed on the way back.

We knew now that the ship and Dad would not come that night. We simply could not pass up the joys of Christmas Eve and hanging up our stockings. Mother felt depressed and went to her room. We hit on the plan of hanging our stockings from the rafters in the kitchen and went to bed. Later, Mother came into the kitchen and saw the stockings. She would not let her children down and spent a great part of the night baking cookies to fill the stockings. An old oatmeal box furnished cardboard for cutouts of letters of "Ho! Ho! Ho!" which she also hung from the rafters. We were delighted that Santa had come. We had been taught that Santa is the Spirit of Christmas and felt that the Spirit had come.

It was such a beautiful day that we decided to go up the canyon near the spring to cook our breakfast. Soon the bacon was crisping, the eggs frying, some of that good bread was toasting and the cool milk flowing. A mesquite tree was symbolically being used as a Christmas tree even if we had only a few things we had picked up to put on it. Disappointment had vanished. We were content with the blue sky, the blue ocean and the Spirit that surrounded us.

Later in the day, the ship arrived with Dad and many gifts. I still have some of them. A Christmas that started out with the least, turned out to be the most. Of all I have had, I remember it best.

Happy Holidays

To You

and Your Loved Ones

now is the time

—A Cultural Calendar of Care from our Affiliates—

BEGONIA SOCIETY

Thelma O'Reilly

Now is the time

to clean your plants of all dead leaves and wood.

to put a top dressing of your favorite mulch around your plants.

to replace any soil or mulch washed away by fall and winter rains.

to prepare tubers for a winter rest. Water less and keep them growing gently until leaves turn yellow naturally. Now cut stems to within four inches of tuber and withhold water. If you store your tubers, remove them from pots when stem comes off easily. Clean soil from tuber and store in suitable medium in cool dry area. If you prefer, you may leave tuber in pot and water once a month after putting it in a dry cool area.

to lightly feed winter and early spring bloomers if you do not maintain a year-round feeding program.

to order new catalogs and plan to add a few of the new introductions to your collection in 1974.

to tell Santa you would like one of the elegant Rieger Elatior Begonias for Christmas. It will add much pleasure to your holiday season.

BONSAI SOCIETY

Masao Takanashi

Now is the time

to realize that fall is the best time to repot if you failed to do so this past spring.

to repot flowering quince and Japanese apricot. Watch out for extra small root systems—handle

carefully. (NOTE: do not repot or transplant the deciduous trees—only work on them in the spring.)

to feed low nitrogen food for trunk and root development. Use food high in phosphorus and potassium.

CACTUS/SUCCULENT SOCIETY

William Nelson

Now is the time

to make cuttings of succulents: Crassulas, Echeverias, rosettes, Haworthias, etc.

to remember to watch watering program—but do not allow plants to shrivel. Too much water during this resting period will cause disease and rot.

to check plants for pests and scale. Can use soapy water drenches to wash off scale.

CAMELLIA SOCIETY

Shala McNeil

Now is the time

to feed your plants with 0—10—10 or 2—10—10 every two weeks for big blooms for shows. Be sure to feed two weeks before a show!

to use gibberellic acid if you plan to enter that part of the shows.

to groom and disbud for the spring shows.

to turn container plants again to promote growth on all sides.

to start early grafts in Dec.

DAHLIA SOCIETY

Mildred Middleton

Now is the time

to withhold water and fertilizer so plants will go dormant.

to cut off old stalks after they have turned brown.

to let tubers harden off in the

ground, unless the rains are heavy and ground has poor drainage.

to leave one eye to each tuber when you dig and divide your clump.

to dry tuber for a few hours before storing; be sure to put name tags on each tuber and to put sulphur on each cut.

to store in vermiculite or other medium out of the weather.

EPIPHYLLUM SOCIETY

George French

Now is the time

to properly stake your plants for a winter rest.

to clean weeds—especially oxalis—from pots.

to feed before the first of December—prepare for rest period. Use 5—5—5 feeding if at all possible.

to check for snails and slugs.

to tie any long branches to prevent damage.

FUCHSIA SOCIETY

Penny Bunker

Now is the time

to still take tip cuttings in November; they will give you new plants for spring.

to cut down on watering as weather becomes cooler.

to cut feeding to perhaps once a month.

to clean up around all plants—both in pots and in the ground.

to continue using insecticide, and watch for snails and slugs.

to give a good mulch of red-wood compost, or leaf mold to protect roots against any sudden cold weather. This will also lessen the need for watering.

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GERANIUM SOCIETY

Phil Bush

Now is the time

to cut back one half (one side) of your plants until new growth appears—then cut back the other side. Never drastically cut your entire plant at one time.

to bait for snails and slugs.

to pinch for shape as new growth appears on some pot plants.

IRIS SOCIETY

Art Day

Now is the time

to keep iris beds clean of weeds and insects.

to remove old dead leaves when they pull off easily—aphids can winter under these old leaves.

to spray for aphids or give a light feeding of a systemic fertilizer which gets rid of all sucking plant pests.

to feed Japanese and the Louisiana irises with liquid fish or some acid type of fertilizer. Give tall bearded a balanced organic type of food.

to plant bulbous irises for spring bloom: Dutch, English and Spanish varieties can be planted in garden or pots.

to water spurias regularly until well established.

to move Pacific Coast native irises when the white roots are showing—late December in all probability. Water well until they are established.

ORCHID SOCIETY

Lois Donahue

Now is the time

to continue high-phosphorus feedings for cymbidiums—when you see a bud, put a small, but

strong, stake near the base; when the buds begin to open, you can keep the stalk erect.

to bait for snails and slugs but avoid arsenic poisons. Use methaldehyde if any more is available.

to give dendrobiums all the light they can take without burning, for the deciduous type no water after Thanksgiving—nobiles should have the water reduced after the same date. If warm or hot days appear, mist only. Give lots of air movement.

to continue frequent but light feedings for phals and cyps.....

don't let them dry out. Use a small stick or tongue-depressor in the pot—will show if the potting medium is damp enough when you pull it out

to use organic fertilizer on the cyps.

to keep dirt hosed off greenhouse glass—need lots of light now.

to get some reed epidendrums as they can grow outside and are in continuous bloom with bright colors—seem to have few pests.

to repot cattleyas that have finished blooming if they have leads with roots. Otherwise, wait until January or February.

ORGANIC GARDENING

Chester Brooks

Now is the time

to add plants that have stopped producing, lawn and hedge cuttings, weeds and grasses to the compost pile. This will allow sufficient time for good decomposing for winter and spring addition to your garden soil.

to add any manures, kitchen parings, lettuce trimmings, melon

rinds, etc. to your compost pile. Be sure to bury deep enough to keep down any possible odors.

to plant early fall radishes, carrots, turnips, etc.

to prepare and let lay fallow the garden areas for the late fall and winter crops of kale, turnips, rutabaga, kohlrabi, etc.

to clean out the greenhouse. Return to the compost pile all old potting soils, over-aged plants and last year's manure fertilizer mix.

to wash and air all pots, flats, shelves, window ledges and floors to prepare a clean start.

to consider and mark which plants to return inside for decoration or use this winter.

to mark the best and strongest producing plants for seed production; and those plants you wish to preserve for next season.

to prize as jewels those ladybugs and praying mantis that make your garden their home.

ROSE SOCIETY

Dee Thorson

Now is the time

to gradually withhold water to lull them into a dormant rest period.

to allow hips to form.

to prepare beds for new bare-root stock which will be on the market.

to discontinue any feeding program that contains high nitrogen. Clean up all beds of leaves that can harbor eggs and spores for spring infestation. Spray with insecticide or fungicide.

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CHRYSANTHEMUMS

MARY LOUISE JANNOCH

THE NAME CHRYSANTHEMUM brings a lot of pictures to my mind. To me it is a fall flower. Of course, I know that, thanks to research on plant retardants and hormones, hybridization and to the growers' magic rationing of light and dark hours, we can have pots of mums in full bloom at almost any time of the year. The plants agree with my feeling, however, for planted in the garden those potted and flowering in May will return to their normal seasonal pattern after a somewhat frantic period of readjustment.

What color is the chrysanthemum in your mind's eye? Is it bronze, red, orange, gold or cream? Or perhaps it is greenish or pure white—pink, lavender or purple? Only cultivated mums come in this variety of colors; their wild ancestors were white or in shades of yellow.

The mum in your mind may be single like a daisy, semi-double, very very double, built like an anemone with long rays surrounding a cluster of small tubular corollas in the center, or with all its rays erect, curling in or out or around. The individual florets of the flower head (mums belong to the Compositae or Aster Family) may be furnished with long rays or short ones, tubular or open or spoon-tipped. The disc flowers may be close cropped like those of a daisy, or extended into a longer tube, or just like the more conspicuous ray flowers. The plants themselves vary from tall to short bushy dwarf cushion types, from sturdy erect stems to weaker forms that can be trained to cascade or with support to form small trees. Is your mental image of chrysanthemum the big florist grown puff or petals that seem to belong on a fur coat at the Big Game? Or do you see a neatly tailored dwarf pompom, or perhaps the exotic thin-quilled spidery form? It would be difficult to imagine a variation which has not yet appeared in this versatile plant.

Well, what really is *Chrysanthemum*? Liberty Hyde Bailey calls *Chrysanthemum* "a diverse group of herbaceous and sub-shrubby plants, mostly hardy and typically with white or yellow single flowers." The Greek words from which the name is derived means "golden flowers". This is the name of a genus containing some 150 species in temperate and boreal regions, mostly in the Old World. While these species vary greatly in appearance, they have certain technical features in common which unite them in the genus *Chrysanthemum* and set them apart from the hundreds of other genera which make up the great plant family of Compositae.

Feverfew of old-fashioned perennial gardens with

its yellow variety called Golden Feather is *Chrysanthemum Parthenium*, formerly called *Pyrethrum cinerariaefolium*, of Dalmatia is the source of the insect powder of that name. Another *Pyrethrum* is *Chrysanthemum roseum*.

The Painted Daisy or Tricolor chrysanthemum, *C. carinatum*, is a common annual garden flower. This plant escaped from cultivation here in San Diego some thirty years ago and has naturalized itself and spread along roadsides and in vacant lots south to the border and both north and east. Munz reports it from as far north as El Segundo. The red band of color has generally disappeared, and it flowers in shades from cream to bright yellow late in the spring. If all weeds were as attractive and as easy to control as this relatively new immigrant, we could be thankful. Munz lists six species of chrysanthemums as naturalized in California, that is as weed or wildflower here.

The Ox Eye Daisy, *C. Leucanthemum*, is common in fields and meadows in northern California, in Oregon and Washington and across the continent to the Eastern States.

C. mazimum, The Moon Daisy, is one of the ancestors of the Shasta Daisy, hybridized by Luther Burbank—according to Bailey. In CHRYSANTHEMUMS OF JAPAN by Teizo Niwa, Mr. Niwa says, "It is well known that Mr. Luther Burbank has used this 'Hama-giku', *Chrysanthemum nipponicum*, in the creation of his Shasta Daisy. The writer heard the fact personally at an interview with him in 1922." It is regrettable that Burbank kept such poor records of his many hybridizations.

C. frutescens is the Marguerite or Paris Daisy. "Frutescens" refers to its shrubby growth form. This has returned to popularity in recent years with the development of more compact plants and yellow as well as white flowering forms. It blooms almost all year. *C. multicaule* is an annual six to twelve inches high with golden yellow flowers.

However, the "common" chrysanthemum is what we are mainly interested in at this time of year. The word "common" is certainly a misnomer for these gorgeous plants which decorate and adorn our gardens. This common or garden chrysanthemum has been so often hybridized and so long cultivated that it is difficult to assign a proper species name to its many forms. For that reason, it is sometimes referred to as *Chrysanthemum hortorum*, but this is only a term of convenience, not a true species or type name. According to Alex Cumming, the chrysanthemum was mentioned in the writings of Confucius who lived in the Shantung province of China and was born in

550 B.C. Korea was important in the development of the horticultural forms and seed was introduced into Japan in 386 A. D. From then on, Japan was foremost in its development. It became Japan's national flower in 910 A. D. with the start of the Imperial Chrysanthemum Show in Tokyo.

The chrysanthemum was introduced into England first from the Orient in 1754 and again in 1795 from France. By 1824, it had become established as a garden flower as well as a florist flower. Linnaeus named it officially in 1753 listing both single and double varieties as *Chrysanthemum indicum*. Bailey lists this species as a small yellow-rayed flower with thin pinnately parted leaves, from China and Japan—not India. Another wild species growing in both China and Japan is *C. morifolium* with thicker leaves, less divided and smaller white-rayed flowers. According to both Bailey and Cumming, these two species are the primary parents of the oriental garden chrysanthemum, especially *C. indicum*. Both species are tender and generally needed green-house care when first developed. Niwa in CHRYSANTEMUMS OF JAPAN discusses several original theories of Japanese growers, but refuses to commit himself on the basis of lack of experimental evidence. He implies that no single kind of wild chrysanthemum can be the source since hybridization is possible with several wild species, but that "complex intercrossings of those several varieties of wild chrysanthemums further influenced by some mutations have given rise to some intermediate plant, which in turn through artificial selection of century after century, has developed into these glorious flowers."

One other species, *C. arcticum*, is a very hardy, low, woody plant of the far north with single flowers—from white to pink at maturity—that crosses with garden varieties, but the progeny do not inherit the factor of hardiness. They are attractive dwarf plants, and the species itself is a good rock garden plant and is attractive in borders or on banks.

In the 19th century, the anemone, pompom and double types were developed. The single forms were not considered desirable. When early flowering mutations appeared, it was possible to mature seed, and hybridization could be more readily accomplished. The first mums in America seem to have arrived in 1847—the pompom type, still very tender in outdoor conditions. By 1910, early flowering double mums were in general use—developed to large size from the pompom varieties. The rapid progress of development of new chrysanthemums in America was notable. Cumming mentions the firms of Dreer, Totty, Smith and the Bristol Nurseries in the first part of this century as foremost in progress, but these products were tall rangy plants requiring staking and much garden room.

In the thirties, Cumming himself originated the

Korean Hybrid type using *Chrysanthemum coreanum*, a very hardy native of Korea, previously overlooked. This Korean or Chusan Daisy grows north into Siberia. Its sturdy habit has brought resistance to extreme temperatures to the garden chrysanthemum. In England, the Korean Hybrid was developed by several nurseries into dwarf varieties known as Cushion Koreans growing a little over twelve inches tall. These retain the hardiness of the Korean Hybrids, but have the advantage of small size and long flowering period. There are early, mid-season and late flowering varieties which give a long succession of bloom from the end of July into late November and even later as potted house plants. There are four main groups of these dwarfs: 1. Pompoms—miniatures from twelve to eighteen inches tall, double flowers, flat or globular; flowering from April to October. 2. Lilliputs—plants between eight and nine inches tall, in bushy mounds with hundreds of tiny double blooms; ideal for pot culture; flowering September and October. 3. "Charm" chrysanthemums—up to sixteen or eighteen inches high; dense mounds two feet across; flowers single, daisy-like; flowering September to November. 4. Dwarf Cushion Koreans—twelve to fifteen inches high, as wide as tall; flowers flat, single, semi-double and double. Roy Genders' little book, MINIATURE CHRYSANTEMUMS AND KOREANS gives excellent directions for culture and propagation for these and good descriptions of desirable varieties.

The best discussion that I have found on how to grow chrysanthemums locally is the article by Tak Muto (CALIFORNIA GARDEN, Oct/Nov, 1966) "Home Garden Chrysanthemum Culture from a Commercial Grower's View-point".

Of all the flowers we grow in southern California, the chrysanthemum is one of the most varied in color, form, size and shape. It certainly is one of the most rewarding whether you want it for cut flowers, potted plants, corsage-making, or for sheer beauty in the garden where it is made to order for our crisp autumn days.

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PROTEAS IN FLOWER ARRANGEMENTS

DOROTHY MARX, arrangements and text
BETTY MACKINTOSH, photos

MORE AND MORE PROTEAS are seen in arrangements at flower shows and at home. Cut flowers are available at most florists and, though expensive, last a week or two and often dry attractively for further use in dried arrangements.

They are still new and lend distinction to an arrangement. Often one flower is large and striking enough to be used alone with line material which creates a setting for it. This is especially true of the King (*P. cynaroides*) or the exquisite Queen (*P. barbiger*). Perhaps two or three flowers of the Princess (*P. grandiceps*) or the popular Pink Mink (*P. Neriifolia*) will be needed. Pink Mink is coral with an edging of what does indeed appear to be black fur and foliage which resembles an oleander.

The bold, coarse-textured, composite flowers are ideally suited for contemporary arrangements. Good companion materials are New Zealand flax, strelitzia leaves, palm fronds and spathes, eucalyptus foliage or weathered wood.

Protea plants are becoming available in nurseries and are a challenge to grow. Absolute requirements are full sun and perfect drainage. They should not be watered more than once weekly and a one and a half inch mulch of fir bark satisfies their need for acid soil. By observing these rules, many of us are proving that we can grow these beauties ourselves.



A spectacular King protea measuring ten inches was a challenge to use since it was out of scale with most other plant material and all available containers. Its attention-getting form is balanced by two tall palm inflorescences and two large calla leaves. The flower relates well to the container since both are largely



white, heavy in texture and round in form. Five pink proteas (*P. latifolia*) are used with three stems of fasciated (and fascinating!) mullein in a modern compote. Two smooth green aspidistra leaves provide needed contrast for the otherwise all brown, all rough-textured material.

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VISIT THE ILL

T'were better to carry a single flower
 To a living friend at any hour,
 Than pile hosts of roses, white and red
 Upon his coffin when he is dead.

CALIFORNIA GARDEN

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WILDFLOWER BULBS – POTTED, SPROUTING, AND READY TO TAKE HOME FOR CHRISTMASTIME BLOOM – WILL BE AMONG THE NATIVE PLANT ITEMS ON SALE AT THE CASA DEL PRADO ON DECEMBER 1 AND 2. THIS ONE IS THE “SHOOTING STAR”, *Dodecatheon clevelandii*. IT GROWS WILD IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY.

plants for CHRISTMAS

From QUAIL GARDENS and CASA DEL PRADO:

GET THEM ON DECEMBER 2.

This year, more than ever before, plants truly are fashionable. The current “boom” for terrariums and for hanging-basket gardens and for potted ferns gives “status” to plants, even in the eyes of downtown apartment residents who don’t have a yard to weed in.

So, this Christmas, we who already are plant lovers should ride with the spirit of the times. We should give plants.

But the plants we give should be unusual ones. For our own special friends, we should not buy those plant varieties which are distributed by the thousands via the discount supermarkets. We can be different; we can be selective.

Sunday, December 2, is the date when we will have opportunity to be particularly selective in purchasing unusual plants for Christmas gifts.

One place where we can get them on that date is at the Casa Del Prado in Balboa Park, where the San Diego Floral Association will be holding its annual “Old Fashioned Christmas”. As part of that event, affiliated societies of the Association will stage feature displays of flowers, arrangements, and plants. Included will be a sale of potted native plants of San Diego County; these in particular will be something very different from anything which is sold in a supermarket.

Another place to get unusual plants on December 2 is at the Quail Botanic Gardens, in Encinitas. There, from 10 AM to 4 PM, the newly remodeled Ecke building will be the stage for a “Christmas Bazaar” sale of rare and exotic potted plants. Other features of the day there will include programs, refreshments, and self-guided tours of the botanic gardens, which are a component of the San Diego County Park System.

Both at the Casa Del Prado and at the Quail Gardens plant sales, emphasis will be on species not ordinarily available at commercial nurseries. At both locations, prices will be at a bargain sale level. And at both sales, your purchases will benefit worthy ecological groups such as the Quail Gardens Foundation, the San Diego Floral Association, and the California Native Plant Society.

Have fun making your Christmas gift plant selections.

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**Fruitful suggestions for the
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THE GOLDEN AGE OF HERBS & HERBALISTS

This book is available in the Floral Library.

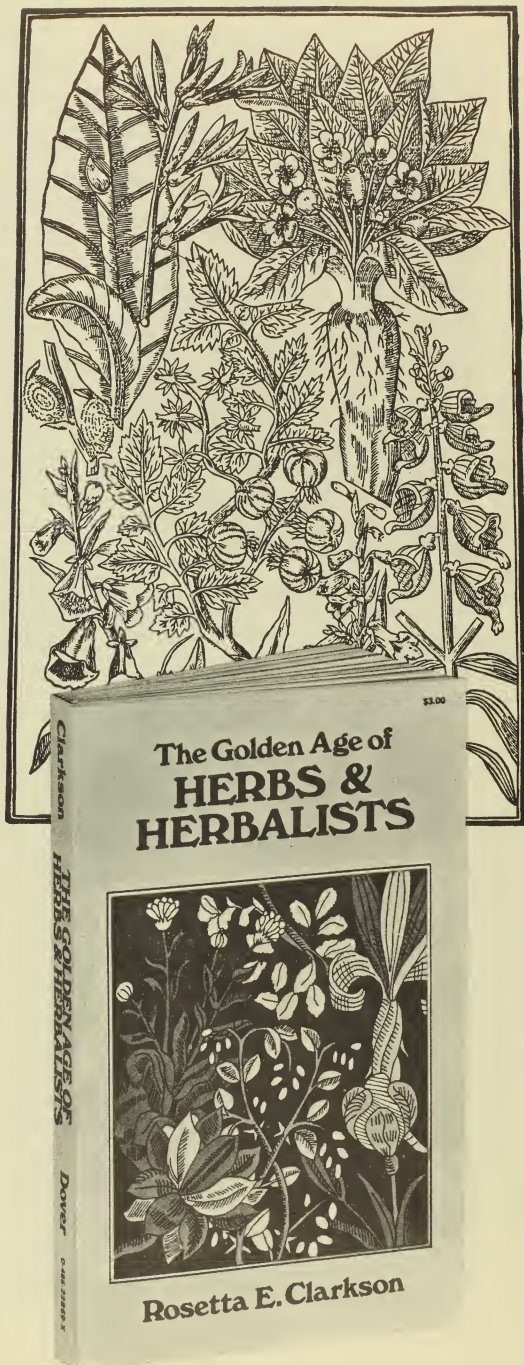
Whether your "garden" consists of nothing more than a few flower pots and window boxes, or you have as much as a half acre in cultivation (or even if you just like to use herbs in cooking and salads), you will find *The Golden Age of Herbs and Herbalists*, by Rosetta Clarkson, endlessly absorbing. It's a treasury of information on the history of gardening (from the last 500 years), and on the ancient art of writing about plants. It delves into all sorts of half-forgotten practices in herb cultivation, herb uses, and even herb mythology.

Did you know that our modern gardens go back to the monastery gardens of the Middle Ages? This book takes you on a delightful stroll through one of those medieval gardens, painting a vivid picture of monks dedicated to the cultivation of herbs and other plants in a country ravaged by wars. Within their carefully walled-in plots, they cultivated a wide variety of plants (this book tells you which ones), some of which they themselves had introduced into England from southern Europe and other parts of the world.

The author also gives you a generous sampling from the herbals of England's "golden age," beginning with the writings of William Turner (born around 1510), and going on through the great herbals of Gerard and Parkinson, to the smaller but equally important works of Culpepper and Coles. She quotes extensively from each of these writers, telling you something about their lives, and pointing out the continuing value of their writings. She does the same with the old gardening books—the works of such men as Thomas Tusser, Leonard Mascall, Richard Gardiner, Hugh Plat and William Lawson. Coming from many different backgrounds and counting among them gentlemen farmers as well as simple countrymen, these were the first men to write seriously about gardening. Much of what they wrote was the result of their own experimentation and discovery, and much of it is still basically sound, and practicable.

Rosetta Clarkson gives her own experienced recommendations on herbs of special beauty that are often neglected (wild senna, rue, santolina, bergamot, angelica, and many others). She lists old-time favorites that are well worth reviving. For those interested in the hidden byways of herb lore, she includes chapters on such topics as witches' gardens (what plants were used by the witches, or to ward off evil), and "herbs that never were"—strange creations like the lamb tree, barnacle tree, stone tree, Bausor tree, and the magical mandrake. There are also discussions of the modern uses of herbs, the diverse history of salads, flowers used in foods and medicine, early gardening tools, formal garden arrangements, an entire chapter on thymes and mints, and much more. Whether your interest is in old curiosities, or in solid, practical gardening information, you will find much in this book that will appeal to you, and that you can use.

Unabridged republication of the first (1940) edition, originally entitled *Green Enchantment, The Magic Spell of Gardens*. Author's preface. Indexes. 57 illustrations from old herbals and gardening books, and modern drawings of plants. xiv + 328pp. 5 3/4 x 8 1/2. 22869-X Paperbound \$3.00





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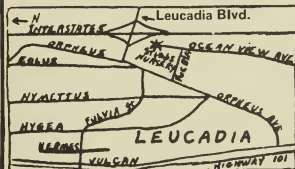
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